

THE
PATRIOT:
A
PINDARIC ADDRESS
TO
LORD *BUCKHORSE*.

THE SECOND EDITION.

WITH AN
APPENDIX.

*O! mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus, et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!*

VIRG.

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TO
Lord B U C K H O R S E,

IN V E N E R A T I O N
OF HIS LORDSHIP'S
P A T R I O T I C V I R T U E S,
THE F O L L O W I N G P O E M
IS MOST HUMBL Y I N S C R I B E D,

12 BY HIS LORDSHIP'S
MOST DEVOTED,
MOST OBLIGED,
AND MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

Cambridge.

THE AUTHOR.

JOHN BUCKHORN

IN THE

OF HIS LORDSHIP

PATRISTIC WRITERS

THE FOLLOWING

IS MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS LORDSHIP

MOST DEVOTED

MOST OBLIGED

AND MOST OBEIENT HUMBLE SERVANT

THE AUTHOR

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To Lord *BUCKHORSE*.

* **W**HILE you, my Lord, great *Drury's* Weal sustain,
 Light ev'ry Walk, and open all the Lane,
 With Strength of Arm plead *Black-boy Alley's* Cause,
 Adorn with Manners, and improve with Laws;
 Much would the Public suffer from the Song
 That dar'd, O *BUCKHORSE*, to detain thee long.

When *Alba's* warlike Sons of Yore,
 Held sage Debate on *Tyber's* Shore,

* Vide HOR. Epist. 1. Lib. 2. *Cum tot sustineas, &c.*

A patriot Captain of Banditti
 Was made their Chairman of Committee,
 And plann'd great *Rome's* imperial City :
 Where now, inshrin'd among the Gods,
 With Joy he views, from Heav'n's Abodes,
 Meek Cardinals, and holy Fryars,
 For Learning fam'd, and chaste Desires,
 Season the tender Minds of Youth
 With Virtue, Liberty, and Truth :
 Like him consign'd to glorious Rest
 Amid the Regions of the Blest,
 No less, in these degen'rate Days,
 A pious Knight demands our Praise,
 Who, from an ardent Love of Knowledge,
 Bequeath'd his Wealth to found a College.
 And much we wish, my Lord, that you
 Such bright Examples would pursue,

Build

Build here some noble rich Foundation,
 And form a Plan of Education
 To mend the Morals of the Nation ;
 Visit yourself your own Asylum,
 Statutes and wholesome Laws, compile 'em,
 Nor suffer Bishops to embroil 'em ;
 Correct their Manners, not so gently
 As Fame reports of Doctor B-NTL-Y,
 But at th' Election of their Stewards,
 Accept, my Lord, my Thoughts in few Words :
 If some important dull Logician,
 Smit by the Dæmon of Ambition,
 In pedant Politics officious
 For *Machiavel* quits *Burgersdicius* ;
 Or like the great Men's Nomenclator
 TOM TURBULENT, that meddling Prater,

With

With Pertness, Pride, and Meanness join'd
 To vacant Head, and restless Mind,
 O'er these calm Realms, whence Science springs,
 Bids Discord wave her baleful Wings,
 These blest Abodes in Ferment puts——
 —— Give him a Driver in the Guts,
 And make such factious, ill-bred Chuckles,
 Revere the Influence of your Knuckles;
 Thus all their Feuds and Tumults quell,
 And Peace restore to *Israël* :
 So may the Swans of *Camus* raise
 Their tuneful Throats to chaunt thy Praise,
 * *Granta* her List of Worthies crowning
 With Names of BUCKHORSE and of DOWNING.

* Vide Commem. Benefact.

BACCHUS

* BACCHUS, when *India* was o'erecome,
 And War compos'd by Wine and Rum,
 (Which, you'll confess yourself, my Lord,
 Is better far than Fire and Sword)
 To *Egypt* went, as rich as those
 Who've seiz'd a Nabob by the Nose;
 And there, as ancient Bards relate,
 Purchas'd a ruin'd 'Squire's Estate;
 Rubb'd up the Family Château,
 Whose Front three Window-Lights could shew—
 —The rest were dark'ned long ago:
 There soon, by Jollity and Bounty,
 Gain'd Int'rest both in Town and County;

* Vid. Dionys. de situ Orbis, lin. 1155.

Cur'd an old May'r of drinking Water,
 Sung Catches with his Wife and Daughter,
 Sent Ven'son, which was kindly taken,
 * And Woodcocks, which they boil'd with Bacon;
 Created honorary Freemen,
 Gave Toasts, and swallow'd more than three Men,
 Granted, from fatherly Affection,
 To ev'ry Voter his Protection,
 Got drunk, and carry'd his Election;
 A Work, my Lord, which all the World, next Year,
 Expect from you, and many a Patriot Peer.
 POLLUX, my Lord, and CASTOR too,
 Were Bruisers both renown'd like you,

* *Quæq; ipse miserrima vidi.*

Virg.

Were

Were known at Cockpits, Fairs, and Races,
 And bore their Links at public Places;
 Now turn'd to heav'nly Constellations,
 Pursue their ancient Occupations :
 Yet all these Heroes grew dejected,
 When Favours they in Life expected,
 Due to their Merits, were neglected. }
 For as our Eyes from far survey,
 Well-pleas'd, the glorious Lamp of Day,
 Whose near approaching Lines of Light
 O'erpow'r and wound our aching Sight;
 So Virtue, which offends when near,
 Plac'd at a Distance we revere,
 And Patriots never, 'till remov'd,
 Or quite extinct, are prais'd and lov'd.

E'en He who cover'd with the Hide is
 Of Lion slain, the great ALCIDES,
 Who crush'd the Hydra, and, what's more,
 Subdu'd a Dragon and a *Boar*,
 (Worse than the Beast who ravag'd long
 The peaceful Vales of *Gevaudan*)
 Who clear'd the Mews of King AUGÉAS,
 Stupendous Work ! and made so free as
 * To kick such Jockeys from his Stable,
 As now, by gambling Tricks, are able
 To treat whole Boroughs at their Table ;
 Who, when a Child in Cradle laid,
 On Necks of Snakes his Strength display'd,

* Vid, Pausan. in Eliacis, Plin. Lucian, &c.

‡ Roast Beef, instead of Pap, would cram,

* Like Giant Boy of *Willingham* ;

From which such Vigour was created,

† He *cuff'd* the Maid that on him waited,

And after that, to prove his Might,

Got fifty Children in a Night :

E'en He, for all his virtuous Labours,

Was damn'd and hated by his Neighbours,

And ev'ry Monster overthrown,

Found Envy tam'd by Death alone.

On Thee, while yet alive, great Sir,

Maturer Honours we confer :

‡ Vid. Theocrit. Idyll. 23.

• Vid. Philos. Transact.

† Εκ δ' ἄρ' ἄτλατον Βέλῳ

πλάξῃ Γυναικας, — *intolerabile vero jaculum percussit Mulieres.*

Pind. Od. Nem. 1. lin. 71. Oxon. Edit.

* My Muse is ready to make Oath,
 And swear by Gods and Altars both,
 We ne'er have seen, or e'er shall see,
 A Patriot so renown'd as thee.——

Oh! on the Swan's broad Pennons could I soar,
 As erst the *Latian* Bard, new Tracts explore
 O'er *Afric's* Plains, o'er *Hyperborean* Shore
 And *Asia's* wide Domain! Ye sacred Nine,
 Daughters of Jove, forsake the Throne divine,
 Bear me, O bear me on your airy Wings
 To *Twit'nam's* laurel Groves, and silver Springs,
 Where erst the Sage, 'mid *Thames's* list'ning Swains,
 Attun'd th' *Horatian* Lyre to *British* Strains;

* Ἀυδάσσομαι ἐνόηκτον
 λόγον.

Pind. Olymp. 2. l. 166.

Give me, like him, to sound my Patron's Praise,
 And pluck one Garland of unfading Bays,
 So to the World great BUCKHORSE I'll proclaim,
 Enroll with Heroes and with Kings his Name,
 And twine the Wreath immortal as his Fame.

I'll sing, my Lord, thy Trophies won
 On bloody Plains of *Kennington* ;
 Sing how thy early Worth was prov'd,
 'Mid Scenes of Death thy Soul unmov'd,
 What Time the Hangman's murd'rous Crew
 The Rebels' mangled Entrails drew ;
 Confusion reign'd, and dire Dismay——
 Struck with Remorse, the God of Day
 Turn'd his affrighted Beams away.
 But you, my Lord, well skill'd to cater,
 Resolv'd in Mind, compos'd in Feature,
 Seiz'd on the Bowels of the Traitor ;

And,

And, Vultur-like, eat piping hot
 The Liver of rebellious Scot.
 Tell me no more of Turtle Eaters,
 Hogs barbecu'd, and monstrous Creatures,
 Devour'd by Aldermen and Prætors:
 What Member of a Calves-Head Party
 E'er din'd so loyal and so hearty?
 'Tis true, some Men of Taste and Breeding
 Copy your Lordship's Mode of Feeding,
 And *comme il faut* their Fingers grease
 With rotten Cabbage, *Limburgh* Cheese,
Italian PASTE, and Dainties more
 Than grac'd th' *Apician* Board of Yore;
 Transported when they meet with Dishes,
 That answer to their ardent Wishes;

In

In Raptures they'll the Cook embrace,

Saluting him, with *French* Grimace,

On both Sides of his greasy Face ;

So have they learnt, in foreign Parts,

T'adore the culinary Arts,

And soon, in Eating's noble Science,

May hope to bid the World Defiance.

A roasted Bear did no small Credit

To those who eat, and those who fed it ;

But in these dreadful Days of Famine,

While one half of the World is cramming,

And t'other rioting and damning,

K—g, Lords, and Commons, all must own,

A Nation's Thanks are your's alone ;

Your Men of Art, and Science too,

Their Premium shall assign to you,

E

To

To you the Palm, who first such Food
 Invented for the public Good,
 And shew'd at once to all Mankind
 Your Country's Love, your Taste refin'd.
 * Thus, when from Heav'n the Pow'rs divine
 Came down with TANTALUS to dine,
 The *Lydian* King, his Banquet to improve,
 On human Flesh regal'd, and taught great JOVE
 To add one Dainty to his Feasts above.

Sweet Patron of the Muse's Lyre,
 PHOEBUS, if e'er thou didst inspire
 One modern Bard with *Theban* Fire,

* Pind. Olymp. i. lin. 56.

Taught Him aloft, from Garret Winder,
 To found the deep-ton'd Shell of PINDAR,
 And catch his heav'nly Flame like Tinder,
 Fly through the liquid Air,
 Be BROUGHTON's Games thy Care,
 And all thy golden Shafts be there.
 Bid CLIO quit her blest Abode,
 And speed her Flight to *Oxford-Road*,
 Adore the Theatre of BROUGHTON,
 And kiss the Stage his Lordship fought on ;
 Let all his Battles be recounted,
 By-Battles, till the Masters mounted,
 Ere yet the tender Down began
 To shade his Chin, and promise Man :
 Tell, to what Deeds of bold Emprize
 We saw his manly Strength arise ;

}

}

Superior

Superior to the mean Events
 Of little warlike Accidents,
 Which still might greatly discompose
 The Features of our modern Beaux,
 And from their *Macaroni* Faces
 Send packing all the Loves and Graces,
 Two batter'd Jaws, a flatten'd Snout,
 Depending like a broken Spout,
 And Wisdom at one Eye shut out.
 Nathless the Hero, undismay'd,
 Pursues the bold *Olympic* Trade,
 Snuffs up a Battle from afar,
 And trains the hardy Youth to War;
 Ne'er mourns one Minister of Light,
 Condemn'd in ever-during Night

To

To roll and find no Dawn, while t'other
 Does double Duty for it's Brother;
 And when two Chiefs of like Renown
 Grappling contest the *Pythian* Crown,
 The Gods, delighted, oft' survey
 His single Orb, with piercing Ray,
 Twinkling direct the doubtful Fray. }
 Such, though from Heaven it so far be,
 Well-pleas'd, of late they view'd at *Derby*,
 When Discord rag'd, and Wrath grew higher,
 Betwixt the NAILOR and the DYER:
 Stern was the Fight; one PALLAS fir'd,
 And t'other MARS himself inspir'd,
 * 'Till Jove, who knew their stubborn Spirits,
 Call'd for his Scales, to weigh their Merits;

* Καὶ τότε δὴ κρύσεια πατὴρ ἱτίτανε τάλαντα, &c. Hom. Il. 22. lin. 209.

And all the Deities allow,
Such Sport was ne'er beheld till now.
 O! may some Bard resound the Theme,
 From *Derwent's* Banks to *Thames's* Stream!
 Immortalize such Deeds divine
 In far sublimer Strains than mine!
 Nor let their Praises be omitted,
 Who two such gallant Heroes pitted,
 Forsook their Cards, Dice, Cocks, and Stud,
 For deeper Bets on human Blood:
 Yet not the DYER, or the NAILOR,
 Can equal half his passive Valour;
 No Bruiser, fam'd in ancient Story,
 Transcend his persevering Glory.
 E'en the stern Master of the sev'n-fold Shield,
 Who forc'd the doughty *Trojan* from the Field;

E'en

E'en the Dictator, who by yielding won
 His tardy Triumphs o'er *Amilcar's* Son,
 The *Libyan* Chiefs from fair *Tarentum* drove,
 And bore their Spoils to Capitolian Jove,
 Submit to BUCKHORSE in the same Degree
 As Water yields to Gin, or *Scotch* Baubee
 To CÆSAR's golden Face.—Permit, my Lord,

The Muse who tunes her Throat

To Victory's gladsome Note,

The black-ey'd Nymph THALIA to record

What erst these Eyes beheld.—

'Twas at the *Westminster* Election,
 When factious Chiefs brew'd Infurrection,
 A boist'rous independant Wight,
 Confiding in his giant Might,
 Provok'd thee to th' athletic Fight;

Arraign'd

Arraign'd thy free, thy British Spirit,
 And set at nought thy patriot Merit ;
 With Look malign, and Taunt severe,
 Swore that your Lordship's Fate was near,
 And whisper'd *Tyburn* in thine Ear.
 I heard the Wretch thy Mother curse,
 With Language vile, Invective worse
 Than reigns at *Billingsgate*, or even
 At the fam'd Chapel of St. ST—PH—N ;
 While you serene, with conscious Virtue,
 Pull'd off your Waistcoat, and your Shirt too,
 And many a Bang, and many a Cuff,
 Undauntedly sustain'd in Buff.
 But what I deem your Lordship's Fort, is,
 You lay collected like a Tortoise,

Suffer'd

Suffer'd the Caitiff to bestride
 And bruise thine unrelenting Hide,
 'Till, prodigal of Strength, the Foe
 Such Toil no more could undergo,
 And, quite exhausted, sat him down,
 Thinking the Laurels all his own :
 But you, who found you'd got no Harm yet,
 First peep'd from underneath your Armpit,
 Then, to the Joy of all Beholders,
 Rais'd up your Head above your Shoulders,
 Pull'd up your Breeches, scratch'd your Head,
 Spit in your Hands, and roll'd your Quid ;
 And then, like some great Rhetorician,
 Of *Greek* and *Roman* Erudition,
 In Senates us'd to wield with Ease
 The Thunder of DEMOSTHENES,

Open'd your Budget to harangue him,
Before you undertook to bang him,
Thinking the Hero well might bear
One short Philippic in his Ear.

“ Dost thou traduce the BUCKHORSE Name,
“ And taint my virtuous Mother's Fame ;
“ Blood of a Bitch ! dost thou presume
“ At *Tyburn* to announce my Doom ?
“ Think'st thou, by Devils hatch'd, to quell
“ My patriotic Principle ?
“ Hell blast thine Eyes, thou Miscreant base,
“ And Pillory seize thy ruthless Face,
“ Ugly as *Newgate* Steps. —
“ Witness ye pure, ye virtuous Tribes,
“ Unmov'd by Pensions and by Bribes,

“ If

“ If e’er I pouch’d one single Farthing,
“ Since *by G-d’s Grace* I’ve known the Garden;
“ E’er taken one unbritish Measure,
“ To stain my Hands with public Treasure :
“ Say, have I tamper’d with the Stocks?
“ (Behold this Brads Tobacco Box,
“ Fair Freedom’s Boon) have I play’d booty?—
“ At *Tott’nham-Court* I’ve done my Duty.—
“ Ask of yon Stage, where late I fought,
“ Ask BROUGHTON’s self, if e’er I fought
“ One dirty Job—ambition’d aught
“ But GILES’s Welfare!—
“ Yet still if Gentlemen concur
“ My Post of Honour to transfer,
“ In abler Hands my Office fix,
“ ---I’m ready to resign my Sticks.

“ Still

“ Still shall I live to wipe my Breech
“ With thy last Words and dying Speech ;
“ And your damn'd Figure, in a Halter,
“ Shall smooke on CLOACINA's Altar ;
“ But now, thou Spawn of Whoredom, now is
“ The Time to shew thy Strength and Prowess ;
“ Gird well thy Loins, for I this Day
“ With Interest thy Blows will pay.”

You spoke---and put a Look sedate on,
Bold as when MICHAEL frown'd on SATAN.
Then, with the rapid Lightning's Speed,
Drove, like a batt'ring Ram, thine Head,
Plump in his Paunch ; the Chief astounded,
Back like a Culverin rebounded.

* As when some Man of Taste thinks proper
 To cover o'er his House with Copper,
 If chance descends nocturnal Jove
 In Storms of Hailstones from above,
 The Garreteer, with wild Affright,
 Starts from the balmy Blessings of the Night,
 Through all the live-long Hours condemn'd to hear
 The echoing Dome re-bellow to his Ear ;

Thus was the valiant Wight confounded,
 His clatt'ring Cheeks and Temples sounded ;
 While you with frequent Fist assail'd him,
 With Chuckers in the Mazzard nail'd him,
 And Clicks upon the Muns regal'd him ;

* ——— *Quam multa Grandæ Nimbi
 Culminibus crepitant, &c.*

Virg. *Æneid*, 5. lin. 458.

Nor didst thou not amuse with Leggers,
 Crops-Buttocks, flying Mares, and Peggers,
 Fall with your Elbows in the Bellows,
 Scatter the Grinders, close the Smellers,
 Darken the Day-Lights!—Muse, be brief——
 You saw the Store-Room of the Chief
 Surrender it's Election Beef,
 Reluctant Dumpling, Beer, and Gravy,
 And heard each groaning Bowel cry—*Peccavi*.

Think not, my Lord, I join the Crew
 Who Flatt'ry's menial Arts pursue,
 Unenvy'd let the fervile Throng
 Their Patrons lull with venal Song,
 Ne'er was I vers'd in Dedication,
 Or trod the Paths of Adulation:

May

May I be doom'd all Day to wait
 The Issue of some dull Debate,
 In *Robin Hood's* well-crouded Senate ;
 (Which, Thanks to Heav'n, but once I've been at,
 And then the *Baker's Man* made free
 To take me into Custody.)
 But, what is worse, may you refuse
 The Labours of my faithful Muse,
 If aught in Flattery I mention,
 In Hopes of Bishoprick or Pension;
 I know your Modesty is such,
 You hate to be admir'd too much ;
 But if your Lordship had commanded,
 The Troops that Day Prince *Ferdinand* did,
 On *Minden's* Plains the *Gallic* Foe
 Had met their final Overthrow ;

To

To you the Senate had decreed
 A Statue, for thy glorious Meed,
 Returning, like *Germanic CÆSAR*,
 Triumphant from the Banks of *Wexer*.
 Perhaps your Lordship may declare,
 You hate a continental War,
 That you from Childhood was afraid
 Of Powder, Balls, and Cannonade ;
 Why didst thou then, with Patriot Zeal,
 Illume the Rocket-loaded Wheel,
 Big with Combustion, when such Praise
 Redounded from the Peace of *Aix* ?
 And this triumphant frugal Nation,
 To lift'ning *Europe's* Admiration,
 Made all her Cannon echo louder
 Than thund'ring Jove ; and spent her Powder,

As

As freely as our warlike Swains
 Assembled on their peaceful Plains,
 To scorch their Fingers, Wigs, and Noses,
 Firing—*pro Aris et pro Focis*.
 Say why, my Lord? — but lo! the Muse
 No more these arduous Themes pursues;
 Unable thy Exploits to sing,
 Trembling she checks her tow'ring Wing,
 Speeds to domestic Scenes of Life,
 Sighs to salute thy virtuous Wife.
 O! may ye long unparted prove
 The Blessings of connubial Love,
 Live to exhibit, in this queer Age,
 A bright Example to the Peerage;
 Grace *Marybone*, your ancient Seat,
 And *Hockley-Hole's* secure Retreat,

I

Where

Where you, as quiet and serene as
 Great *Africanus*, or *Mæcenæ*,
 From Toils of State, from Noise and Care,
 To calm Retirement's Joys repair:
 While Lady BUCKHORSE tunes her Throat
 To many a soft love-labour'd Note,
 Culls each *Burletta* Strain she heard in
 The comic Op'ras of the Garden,
 And teaches TRIVIA to repeat

Italian Airs, in *English* Ditties sweet.

Much would your Lordship's Erudition
 Improve such sprightly Composition;
 And should some Bard, in future Years,
 Collect the Works of modern Peers,
 (If right I augur) 'twill be thine
 First in the noble List to shine.

O!

O! may your Candour, Taste, and Ease,
 Instruct my artless Muse to please;
 * May ev'ry bolder Stroke be heighten'd,
 And by your abler Pencil brighten'd;
 So shall I raise my future Song
 High above all the tuneful Throng,
 Boasting, as once the comic Bard did,
 That *Lælius* all my Toils rewarded:
 So may the Gods attend my Pray'r,
 And make thy hopeful Son and Heir,
 Young BUCKHORSE, their peculiar Care;
 Whose Virtues, like fair Flow'rs, expand,
 Rais'd by your Lordship's fostering Hand;
 Transplanted from *Newmarket* Races
 To *Alma Mater's* chaste Embraces,

* Vide Middleton.

Where

Where late he came, with Resolution
 T' observe each pious Institution,
 With filial Duty to regard her ;
 (Example rare !) and with such Ardour
 Pursu'd his academic Studies,
 As worthy of his noble Blood is :
 Here did he woo the modest Nine,
 And tune their Instruments divine ;
 So much improve his nat'ral Parts,
 That in three Weeks he won our Hearts,
 And gain'd a Mastership of Arts.
 Now travels far the *Alps* beyond,
 Of more polite Amusements fond,
 In which, I hope, and must suppose so,
 He'll soon become a Virtuoso.

Kind

Kind Heav'n protect him ! Safe from Harms
 Restore him to his Country's Arms,
 In *Britain's* public Posts to join
 The Heroes of the Patriot Line :
 Then may we hope once more to see
 The smiling Days of Liberty,
 When Son and Sire at once espouses
 Her sacred Cause in both their Houses,
 And each his Influence extends
 To Virtue only and her Friends :
 Pleas'd that such patriotic Souls
 Will condescend to drain his Bowls,
 WILDMAN once more his House resuming,
 In Transports shall his Lights relumine.—
 And when (may Heav'n ordain it late)
 Your Lordship shall submit to Fate,

K

When

When, after many a well-fought Field,
Yourself to conq'ring Death shall yield,
(As yield you must, and that bright Eye
Add Glory to it's kindred Sky)
You shall forever be THE NOTED,
And I to distant Ages quoted,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most devoted,

Cambridge,
Dec. 1, 1767.

P O S T S C R I P T.

My Lord, it grieves me to relate
The worthy Dr. BOLTER's Fate ;

He

He found his Appetite decreas'd
 E'er since the Visitation Feast,
 Sent for Advice, but sent in vain,
 For all the *Æsculapian* Train
 Were met that Week in *Warwick-Lane*;
 Where certain peaceful learned Leeches,
 With Hammers, Iron-Crows, and Speeches,
 And Blacksmiths arm'd, were making Entries
 By Ways unknown to *Coke* and *Ventris*,
 While other harmless Sons of *GALEN*,
 These barb'rous civil Feuds bewailing;
 Prepar'd their Engines for assailing:
 So while, his Dignity asserting,
 Old Dr. *SQUILLS* behind the Curtain,
 Pointed his Leathern Tube to play on.
 His Friend Sir *OXYMEL MAC'HAON*,

Seiz'd

Seiz'd with an Hiccup, Flux, and Phthific,
 —Th' Archdeacon dy'd, for Want of Phyfic ;—
 By which your *Toadland* Living's vacant,
 —I beg your Lordship not to speak on't ;—
 (For previous to a Man's Interment,
 G-d knows I feek not his Preferment :)
 But, as I've taken my Degree,
 And grow impatient to be free,
 —I wish, my Lord, you'd think on me.
 And if, my Lord, your Lordship chuses
 A Man of *all Work* for your Muses,
 (Such as, for great Men's private Ufes,
 This Seat of Learning oft' produces)
 To clean a Buskin, or a Sandal,—
 To hear you spout, and hold the Candle,—

To

To fire your Crackers in the Papers—
 To cure unpension'd Friends of Vapours—
 Do dirty Jobs about the House too—
 I AM THE MAN that you may trust to ;
 And humbly beg, that you'll incline
 To make that pleasing Office mine.

Indulge me still one more Request, Sir,
 T' oblige my worthy Friend SYLVESTER,
 Who, from your Lordship's Grace and Bounty,
 Hopes to be Sheriff for the County ;
 Fir'd with a gen'rous Emulation
 T' excel in that important Station,
 His Beeves, his Sheep, the 'Squire devotes
 To Lace, to Liv'ries, Hats, and Coats ;
 And gives us to expect next Year all
 A grand Assembly in the Shire-Hall :

L

E'en

E'en now his venerable Coach is
 New gilding, e're th' Affize approaches ;
 No longer at the Tax repining,
 Transported he reviews the Lining,
 Which he remembers, when a Boy,
 Was fashionable brown Cafoy ;
 Now, like your Lordship's Face, appears
 Well-worn, but not subdu'd, by Years :
 Oft' dreams he of Election Journies,
 Writs, Jailors, Hangmen, and Attornies,
 Of Trumpets echoing in his Ears,
 Full-bottom'd Perriwigs, and Spears ;
 Hears Voices at a Distance humming,
 "*Make Way, make Way—The SHRIEVE's a-coming.*"
 Then in his balmy Sleep he trudges,
 With milk-white Wand, before the Judges ;

Or

Or thinks, in Velvet Coat array'd, he
Meets at the Ball his frizzled Lady,
Who looks half pleas'd, and half affrighted,
E'er since her Husband has been knighted.

Yet still, my Lord, with due Submission,
Before you realize his Vision,

The 'Squire entreats you'd * * *

* * * * *

* * * *Desunt multa.* * * *

* * * * *

Then, to requite your Lordship's Favour,
I hope he'll use his best Endeavour,
As one good Turn demands another,
To make RETURNS to serve your Brother.

A P P E N D I X:

C O N T A I N I N G

The AUTHOR's Conversation with his BOOKSELLER, &c. &c.

S C E N E, *London, a BOOKSELLER's Shop.*

Enter AUTHOR, smiling, and rubbing his Hands.

A U T H O R.

WELL, SLIDER!—and how d'ye go on with my Book?

I knew it would answer the Trouble I took.

I hope that you like my Collection of Rhymes;—

Don't you think 'tis a neat little Touch on the Times?

S L I D E R.

S L I D E R.

Run, Boy—can't you see that Miss BARBARA SLOP,
And My Lady BONTON, are come into the Shop?

A U T H O R.

The Copies I sent were but Eighty-five Score,
And I took it for granted you wanted some more :
So I call'd, Mr. SLIDER, on that Supposition,
Before I came out with my Second Edition.

S L I D E R.

And another great Wit is arriv'd, I declare,
Mr. TIGHTBOOT is just stepping out of his Chair.

Enter Lady BONTON, Miss BARBARA SLOP, *and the*
Hon. Mr. TIGHTBOOT.

Lady BONTON.

Mr. SLIDER, you've nothing that's clever, I doubt ;
No Book that's engaging and pretty come out.

M

What

What an Age of Barbarians ! there's nothing, God knows,
That's worth one's Attention, in Verse or in Prose.

A U T H O R, *to himself.*

Now I wonder that blockheadly Fellow won't mention
My Book, which, I'm sure, would engage her Attention.
How happy, how snug, should I fit here alone,
And feel such Delight as few Authors have known !
To be read and admir'd by the Wits of the Age,
And view 'em with Raptures turn over my Page !

Miss B A B.

I'm quite cast away, my dear Lady BONTON,
I'm afraid I must spend all this Ev'ning alone :
I wish on some pretty short Thing I could light,
I'd give it a thorough Perusal to-night.

Lady B O N T O N.

Well ! I own there is nothing I meet with too long,
That's manly and spirited, nervous and strong ;

Yet

Yet tender and delicate Joys can impart,
And with sweet Sensibility touches my Heart.

S L I D E R.

Then, Madam, here's something will please the Peruser,
" A Pindaric Epistle address'd to a Bruiser."

Lady B O N T O N.

O for Shame, Mr. SLIDER! you'll make us quite sick ;
Mr. TIGHTBOOT condemn'd all that Trash to Old Nick.
What a vulgar Performance! what *Bear-garden* Writing!
—I protest it has set all my Children a-fighting.

Mr. T I G H T B O O T.

Why, by G—d, if to Wit there be any Pretension,
I swear it is far above my Comprehension.
What damn'd, unaccountable Lies has he told,
Of Dragons, and Lions, and Jockies of old!

I'm

I'm sure that he rode *but a bitter bad Horse*,
 For he flogg'd him most damnably over the Course.
 Pray where is his Moral? or what was his Object,
 In chusing that horrible Wretch for his Subject?
 A Scoundrel like that is a Scandal to Ink——

Miss B A B.

The Subject's as good as the Verse, Sir, I think :
 Besides, he don't give us the least Intimations,
 What he means by his impudent Insinuations.

Lady B O N T O N.

No—I wish that I knew who the Person imply'd is,
 In a *certain Account* that he gives of ALCIDES :
 I've try'd—but I can't make the least Application
 To any one Man that I know in the Nation.

Miss

Miss B A B.

Ma'em, the Thing of all others he gives me the Spleen in,
Is, the bringing in POLLUX,---without any Meaning.

A U T H O R.

Racks! Tortures! Damnation! Death! Hell! and Confusion!
They have no Kind of Taste for a Classic Allusion! (*Afide*)

Miss B A B.

Come—pray, Mr. TIGHTBOOT, find out something, do—
And give us your Thoughts on a Work of Virtù.

Mr. T I G H T B O O T.

No—my Time is too precious this Morning, I swear,
I've not the tenth Part of a Moment to spare :
My Lord WHISTLEJACKET so deep in my Debt is,
And JEMMY BLACKANCLE so apt to forget is,
I must seek them at ALMACK's, at ARTHUR's, or BETTY's.

N

Miss

Miss B A B.

Oh ! pray, Mr. TIGHTBOOT, first give us a Sight
Of the sweet pretty Thing, that you shew'd me last Night.

Mr. TIGHTBOOT.

No—I beg you'd excuse me; you know very well
What I shew'd you last Night was a mere *Bagatelle*—
A small *Jeu d'Esprit*——

Miss B A B.

Nay, you promis'd you'd give it;
Tho' I put my Hand into your Pocket, I'll have it.

Lady BONTON.

Ah do, my dear Creature—do put your Hand in, do—
Never mind that impertinent Man at the Window.

Miss B A B.

Well! I vow I have found it!--I've got it at length!--
Look here, my dear Madam!--here's Spirit and Strength!

What

What tender, what delicate Thoughts it conveys !

What manly, what sensible Taste it displays !

Oh Heavens !---such Measure ! such Feeling ! such---Oh----
(Reads.)

TO CORNELIA.

I.

CUPID, God of gentle Training,
VENUS, Queen of rapid Fires,
Time, old Time, new Wings obtaining,
Spurs my keen and strong Desires.

II.

Oh ! then, if you're in the Dark yet
Why the verdant Turf I shun ;
Why no more I court *Newmarket*,
Where such glorious Palms I won ;

Ask

III.

Ask not me, but ask the Graces,
Which with fair CORNELIA dwell ;
Ask her free, her fond Embraces,
They alone the Cause can tell.

IV.

Fly then, fly, suspicious HYMEN,
Loose your vain, connubial Ties ;
What your envious Laws deny Men,
Love, unbridled Love, supplies.

V.

Oh ! that now we were together
On the boist'rous Waves at Rest !
I should fear nor Wind nor Weather,
In her snowy Arms embrac'd.

VI.

Sporting CUPIDS round us hovering,
Am'rous NEREIDS round us play ;
All with Azure Mantles covering,
To the *Cyprian* Shore convey.

VII.

NEPTUNE will rejoice in joining
Two congenial Souls in one ;
Ev'ry tender Thought combining,
Who without her is undone.

Miss B A B.

Now, by all that's poetical, tender, and witty,
'Tis charmingly moving, pathetic, and pretty !
The Subject's so pleasing !

O

Lady

Lady BONTON.

My dear, very true !

And of excellent Sense, and Morality too !
Take a Copy, dear BAB—as for you, Mr. SLIDER,
I am sorry to say, you're a wretched Provider,
Quite a *pauvre Genie* !—now I take it for granted,
You never have sent me the Books that I wanted !

SLIDER.

Yes, indeed, my good Madam !—indeed, you must know,
I sent all your Ladyship's Books long ago.
(Whispers his Journeyman.)
Mr. BRUSHER, pray pack up The Lives of the Actors,
With the Birth and Exploits of the nine Malefactors,
The Punch-Bowl, the Love-Match, the Lucky Escape,
An Appeal to the Public from Miss KITTY TRAPE,
And the last Sessions-Paper, containing a Rape.

Don't

Don't forget all the Trials, and Pleas for Divorces ;
And fend Mr. TIGHTBOOT, POND's Book upon Horses.
Be sure you dispatch 'em before they get there,
Directed to Lady BONTON, in the *Square*.

[*Exeunt WITS, CRITICS, and BRUSHER. Manent AUTHOR and SLIDER.*]

A U T H O R.

I'm sorry to find you've no more Complaisance, Sir,
Do you make all your Authors thus wait for an Answer ?
Can't you speak ? Don't you see I'm impatient to go ?
Will you have any Copies of BUCKHORSE, or no ?

S L I D E R.

Why, how can you ask if I'd have any Copies,
When you see that your Book a Disgrace to my Shop is ?
Only look at that Corner ! by G--d, it is Fact,
There they stand, ev'ry one, in a Bundle unpack'd !

[*AUTHOR turns pale.*]

Why

Why, Sir, I perceive you're a little dejected—

AUTHOR, *biting his Lips.*

Not at all---not at all—I'm surpriz'd you suspect it!

Not the least disappointed my Book won't go down----

I'm only concern'd for the Taste of the Town.

Yet still let me perish by critical Laws,

If I suffer Damnation, do, tell me the Cause.

SLIDER.

Why, then, to be plain, if you must know the Reason,

You've writ neither Blasphemy, Bawdy, nor Treason:

We hop'd you had something that's vendible for us,

But we find it is nothing but PINDAR and HORACE!

A mere Compilation!—

AUTHOR. (*Aside.*)

Ye Gods! grant me Patience,

Sufficient to answer such pressing Occasions!

Sure

Sure the Law would not hang me for taking the Pains
To knock out an ill-judging Bookseller's Brains !

S L I D E R.

Besides, to explain the whole Truth of the Matter,
You've not the least Notion of *personal Satire*.
Why, how do you think that I go thro' the Year,
And keep such a Table, when Things are so dear ?
One Day a good Joint, and the next Day a Hash ?
Not by *Greek* and by *Latin*, and such Kind of Trash.
No—(thank G--d Almighty,) I've got by one Libel
More than ever I lost by the Notes on the Bible !
Would you write a farcaetical Thing that is pleasing ?
A good deal of Acid 'tis proper to squeeze in.
You should scribble away without Fear or Controul,
And feel no Remorse, or Compunction of Soul .

P

'Tis

'Tis your daggering Stuff, my good Friend, you will find,
 That hits the malevolent Taste of Mankind.
 Go boldly to work, and with Freedom assail,
 Not give us a wild allegorical Tale,
 For which by both Parties you stand reprehended,
 For political Meanings to neither intended :
 The Ladies, you see, very justly remark,
 That a Reader should never be left in the Dark ;
 And for that very Reason *some Critics* have said,
 “ *You must be forgotten as soon as you're read.*”

A U T H O R.

Mr. SLIDER, I'm under a thorough Conviction,
 Most Authors fulfil that unhappy Prediction ;
 And am glad the Republic of Letters think fit
 To choose such respectable Judges of Wit,

Who,

Who, no doubt, have a Licence to hang, draw and quarter,
 But never should put a poor Bard to the Torture :
 For many an Author, no doubt, they will find,
 Who'll hear his dead Warrant, compos'd and resign'd ;
 Yet still may with Justice and Reason complain,
 If his Sense and his Meaning they torture and strain :
 And others may think it as hard to atone
 For Meaning and Sense, when perhaps they have none.
 Now, to me 'tis a Matter of very great Wonder,
 That learned Society made such a Blunder,
 As to tell all the World that my poor Dedication
 Had to Party or Politics any Relation :
 No, no—put my PEGASUS into the Pound,
 If ever he treads on political Ground ;
 And take up my Muse to beat Hemp in the Fleet,
 If you once catch her walking in *Parliament-street*.

Lord

Lord BUCKHORSE, 'tis true, in these patriot Days,
 Seem'd to me no contemptible Topic of Praise ;
 Besides, he's the only great Man in the Nation
 To whom I acknowledge the least Obligation ;
 He's my Friend and my Patron, and is it not hard,
 When the Muses have paid him the justest Regard,
 That any Great Person should claim for his own,
 The Praise that is due to his Lordship alone ?

I'm surpris'd Men of Sense such a Meaning invent
 For a Thing, which a mere Dedication was meant
 To a much better Work, and of larger Extent :
 But since I have met with such cursed Success,
 The Flames shall receive it instead of the Press.

S L I D E R.

Come, come—you should think of explaining your Hints,
 Or adding a few little humourous Prints ;

If you top it and tail it by GRIGNION and WALE,
You may still have a Chance of promoting the Sale.
Gad ! I'll venture to give you Five Pound for the Copy !

A U T H O R. (*Afide,*)

What Mortal e'er saw such an impudent Puppy ?

S L I D E R.

Come—I'll go something further, and stand to all Hazards
Of felling your *Leggers and Clicks on the Mazzards*—
I'll make it Six Pieces ; and, as I'm a Sinner,
Can give nothing more but a Family-Dinner :
If you're quite disengag'd, you are welcome to stay,
I've some very good Company dine here to-day ;
There's a Pastoral Poet from *Leadenhall-street*,
And a Liberty-Writer just come from the *Fleet* ;
With a clever young Fellow, that's making an Index,
Who, perhaps, may assist you to write an APPENDIX ;

Q

And

And a Táylor, up three Pair of Stairs in the *Mews*,
 Who does the political Jobs for the News,
 And works now and then for the *Critic Reviews*.

A U T H O R. (*In a Passion.*)

O ye Gods ! if to punish some damnable Sin,
 Ye had steep'd me in Poverty up to the Chin ;
 Condemn'd me to wander, distress'd and forlorn,
 'Mid Penury, Nakedness, Hunger, and Scorn ;
 If to purchase a Dinner one Sixpence was able,
 Where the Knives and the Forks are chain'd down to the Table ;
 With Joy to the Garret aloft would I go,
 Or dive down as deep to the Cellar below,
 But with Pride, with due Pride, I'd your Offer disdain,
 And ne'er, on such Terms, would a Dinner obtain !
 Mr. SLIDER, farewell !—other Authors employ,
 And long may you live better Taste to enjoy !

As

As for me, I shall full as good Company meet
At the BULL, or the DRAGON, in *Bishopgate-street*;
And as soon as AURORA first gladdens the Sky,
To GRANTA'S Embraces once more will I fly.

SCENE *changes to the BLACK BULL, in Bishopgate-street.*

AUTHOR solus, *in a thoughtful Posture.*

—Mr. TIGHTBOOT'S Reflection was poignant and hurting—

Tho' he look'd like a damnable Fool, that is certain!—

I am laugh'd at by Women, and vile Poetafters—

But that is the smallest of all my Disasters.

Alas! what a Change, since my Pamphlet has flown!

Ah! there is the Rub!—all my Hopes are undone!--- }

All Chance of the *Toadland* Preferment is gone! }

[Starting up.]

The

The Paths of Ambition no more I'll pursue—
 Ye flattering Dreams, gay Illusions, adieu !
 Other Cares, other Pleasures, my Thoughts shall employ,
 Intellectual Pleasures, that never can cloy.
 Hail, heavenly SCIENCE ! I kneel at thy Shrine,
 Thou Source of all Treasures ! thou Goddess divine !
 You cherish in Youth, you delight in old Age,
 In ev'ry Condition thy Beauties engage :
 'Tis you that to Riches true Splendor bestow,
 Our Comfort in Want, and our Refuge in Woe ;
 Abroad if we wander, at Home if we stay,
 In Town and in Country, by Night and by Day,
 'Tis thine, sacred SCIENCE ! new Charms to display.
 How much I rejoice thou hast chosen thy Seat
 In GRANTA'S delightful, and quiet Retreat !

Where

Where Men of such Piety, Learning, and Sense,
 Distribute thy Gifts at so small an Expence,
 And season the Minds of well-disciplin'd Youth,
 With patriot Maxims of Freedom and Truth ;
 Regardless of Changes in Church or in State,
 They ne'er court the Favours and Smiles of the Great,
 But with Eyes unretorted Preferment can view,
 Thro' the calm Walk of Virtue Life's Journey pursue ;
 For Candour, for Softness of Manners, renown'd,
 Shed the Blessings of Peace and Contentment around ;
 And, far from Malignity, Faction, and Noise,
 With Dignity seek philosophical Joys :
 Yes—there, with Example and Precept supply'd,
 To Wisdom's bright Altar my Steps will I guide :
 O Genius of *Athens* ! with thee will I rove
 In the Shade of your charming *Pierian* Grove ;

R

Where

Where the learned old *Cam*, on his echoing Shore,
 Remurmurs sweet Sounds of Socratical Lore,
 Replete with deep Knowledge, his flow Way pursues,
 And pays his rich Tribute to murmuring *Ouze*,
 As clear as *Ilyffus*, who lav'd the green Wood
 Of fair *Academus*, great PLATO's Abode,
 And told his wife Tale to *Callirrhoe*'s Flood :
 There take me, in all thy chaste Beauties array'd,
 O blest INDEPENDENCE ! adorable Maid !
 Fair Virtue, fair Science, acknowledge thy Reign,
 Health, Ease, and Tranquillity, sport in thy Train !
 Where'er, with mild Lustre, you gild the calm Scene,
 Stern Pedantry, Churlishness, Envy, and Spleen,
 All fly, gentle Nymph ! at thy Presence serene;
 All wing their foul Way from the peaceable Cell,
 Where thou condescendest, bright Virgin ! to dwell :

For

For thee, of fresh Flowrets a Chaplet I'll weave,
So grant me thy Blessings once more to receive;
So teach me, in Peace to my Fortune resign'd,
No longer to *flatter* or *censure* Mankind,
In Error's vain Mazes bewilder'd and blind.

F I N I S.

(67)

For thee, O Lord, I have a Chapter III written,
So grant me thy blessing once more to receive;
So teach me, in words to my Portent to give;
No longer to flatter or captivate mankind,
In Error's vain Maze, to be misled and blind.



F I M I S